"PUNCH." The YEARLY Volume for 1892, very elegantly bound in blue cloth, gilt edges. *Price* 17*s.* "PUNCH."

"PUNCH." The HALF-YEARLY Volume, July to December, 1892, cloth, gilt edges. *Price* 8*s.* 6*d.* "PUNCH."

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

PUNCH

PRICE THREE PENCE.

No. 2688.

VOLUME CIV.

JANUARY 14, 1893.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

60 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM.

COMPLETE SETS OF "PUNCH," 1841 TO 1890, IN 25 VOLUMES, HALF-BOUND, GILT EDGES. PRICE £26.

[Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.]

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

OVERHEARD IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—"My dear fellow! Unless you can run to at least a new pair of trousers every week, you can't afford to do without them. I've tried everything for bagey knees, and HAMILTON'S STRETCHER is the only thing ever did any good! You get a pair for each pair of trousers in use, it'll be the best day's work you ever did."—(A Fact.) Vide: Sap: Sat:

Insist on having the original, bearing the name of JOHN HAMILTON & Co., the only Stretcher obtaining the tension by means of a screwed rod, whereby any strain can be applied.

Of all Hosiers, Tailors, and Outfitters, throughout the World. If any difficulty in obtaining or Imitations are offered, send P. O. to P. Department, Central Depot, 6, Philip Lane, London, E.C., and a pair will be sent free, Parcel Post. Bronze Polished, 8s.; Nickel, 9s. 6d. (in stout boxes).

Exquisite Model. Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear.

THE Y & N PATENT DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. The most comfortable corset ever made. LADY'S FIGURE. Made in White, Black, and all the fashionable Colours and Shades, of Italian Cloth, Satin, and Coutil, also in the new Sanitary Woollen Cloth, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair, and upwards. Sold by all the Principal Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters in the United Kingdom & Colonies.

THREE GOLD MEDALS.

TENERIFE (CANARY ISLANDS) CIGARS.
"REPUBLICANOS FEDERALES."

A Delicious Weed of a novel shape. Mild, Aromatic, and Delicate. (Awarded Gold Medal and Diploma.) In bundles of 10 (two ozs.), 1s. 6d. and 2s. 2d. (Postage 3d. extra); 12s. and 15s. per 100, Free.

NEWLAY & CO. (Ltd.), 49, Strand, W.C.; 74, Strand (East India House), and 143, Cheapside, E.C. Est. 1790.

Foreign Medicines & Toilet Articles &c.
Roberts & Co.
Chemists, 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris
Keep at their Longonhouse
76 New Bond St. W.
all French & Foreign Medicines &c.

BEST & SAFEST DENTIFRICE
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS, IN ELEGANT CRYSTAL TOILET CASKET
PRICE 2/6.
AS 3D. IN PATENT METALLIC BOX
PRICE 1/-

SAMPLE POST FREE

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Has 35 Years' World-Wide Reputation.

"HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING."

ASK FOR MAPPIN & WEBB'S PRINCE'S PLATE.
(REGD.)
"HIGHEST ATTAINABLE QUALITY."

"UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR."

BREAKFAST OR SUPPER.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
COCOA
BOILING WATER OR MILK.

SAVE YOUR LIVES BY TAKING

OWBRIDGE'S LUNG TONIC.

THE MIGHTY HEALER.

It has a power over disease hitherto unknown in medicine.

HAVE YOU A COUGH?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.
HAVE YOU A COLD?
A DOSE AT BEDTIME WILL REMOVE IT.

Bronchitis and Asthma it relieves instantly. The Spasms of Whooping Cough become less with each dose of the medicine.

Prepared by W. T. OWBRIDGE, Chemist, Hull. Sold in Bottles, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s., by all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE

Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from WHATEVER cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the CAUSE from the blood and Bones. In bottles, 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, of all Chemists. Proprietors, Lincoln and Midland Counties Drug Co., Lincoln. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

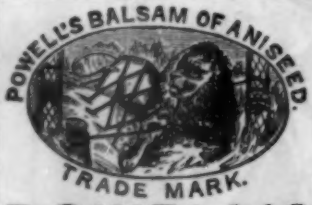
WEDDING PRESENTS.—The GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, Regent Street, W., INVITE INSPECTION of their Immense STOCK of NOVELTIES in DIAMOND ORNAMENTS, JEWELLERY, SOLID SILVER PLATE, WATCHES, and CLOCKS, specially designed for Wedding Presents and Bridesmaids' Gifts. This Stock should be seen before deciding elsewhere, when the superiority in design and quality and the very moderate prices will be apparent. Illustrated Catalogue post free, and goods forwarded to the Country on approval. Awarded Nine Gold Medals, the only Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition, 1889, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, Regent Street, W.

CASH'S CAMBRIC FRILLINGS.

WITH DRAWING CORD WOVEN INTO THE CAMBRIC.

NEW ILLUSTRATED PATTERN BOOK POST FREE FROM
J. & J. CASH, Coventry.



POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

For COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c. Sold by Chemists throughout the world. No family should be without it. Paris, Deral; Roberts, Hogg; Brussels, Pharmacie Debierre; Geneva, Bauler; Rotterdam, Santem Kolff. Established over 80 years. Prepared only by
THOMAS POWELL, Blackfriars Road, London.

Goddard's Plate Powder

NON-MERCURIAL. The BEST and SAFEST ARTICLE for CLEANING SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE, &c. SIX GOLD MEDALS. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d.

IN PATENT AIR-TIGHT TINS.

NEAVE'S FOOD

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS, & THE AGED.

BEST AND CHEAPEST. ESTABLISHED 1825.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S (CLOUDY HOUSEHOLD) AMMONIA.

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing, &c.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
1s. bottle for six to ten baths.
Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

SCRUBB & Co., 15 Red Cross Street, S.E.

OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL.

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

CALLARD & BOWSER'S
BUTTER-SCOTCH
(The Celebrated Sweet for Children.)
"Really wholesome Confectionery."—Lancet

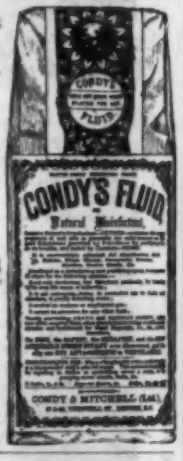
CONDY'S FLUID.

"The Best Disinfectant."—*The Times.*

Contains no Potash Crystals.

Insist on having "CONDY'S FLUID."

See the bottle is like this



CHUBB'S SAFES

WILL PREVENT JEWEL ROBBERIES.

PRICE LIST SENT FREE.

128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.; 68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, Pall Mall, London.

FOR ASTHMA & C DATURA TATULA

FOR SMOKING AND INHALATION.

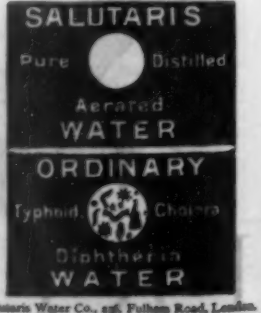
SAVORY & MOORE, London.

And of Chemists everywhere.

The Medical Profession strongly recommend

SALUTARIS WATER,

Pure Distilled Water Aerated, Unsweetened
Plain, with Wine or Spirits.



Salutaris Water Co., 256, Fulham Road, London.

THE SCHOOL FOR PATRIOTISM.

[A Fund has been raised to supply the School Board with Union-Jacks, with a view to increasing the loyalty of the pupils.—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—*A Room of the School Board, decorated with flags and trophies of arms.* Teacher *discovered instructing his pupils in English History.*

Teacher. And now we come to the Battle of Trafalgar, which was won by NELSON in the early part of the present century. As it is my object to increase your patriotism, I may tell you that "BRITANNIA rules the waves, and Britons never, never, never will be slaves!" Repeat that in chorus.

Pupils. "Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rules the waves; Britons never, never, never will be slaves!"

Teacher. Thank you very much; and to show how the *esprit de corps* in Her Majesty's Ships-of-War is preserved, I will now dance the Sailor's Hornpipe.

[*Does so.*

First Pupil. Please, Sir, do Englishmen always win?

Teacher. Invariably. If they retire, they do not retreat. Can you tell me what a retirement of troops in the face of the enemy is called?

Second Pupil. Bolting, Sir.

Teacher. Nothing of the sort. Go to the bottom of the class, Sirrah! Bolting, indeed! Next boy!

Third Pupil. It is called "a strategic movement to the rear," Sir.

Teacher. Quite right; and now we come to the Battle of Waterloo, which you will remember was won on the 18th of June, 1815. But perhaps this may be a convenient time for the introduction of the Union-Jack War Dance, which, as you all know, has been recently ordered to be part of our studies by the Committee of the School Board. Now then, please, take your places.

[*The Pupils seize the flags hanging to the walls, and dance merrily. At the conclusion of the exercise they replace the flags, and resume their customary places.*

First Pupil. If you please, can you tell us anything about the Union-Jack?

Teacher. As I have explained on many occasions, when you have been good and obliging enough to put the same question to me, I am delighted to have the opportunity. You must know that the Union-Jack represents the greatest nation in the world. This nation is our own beloved country, and it is gratifying to know that there are no people so blessed as our own. The Union-Jack flies in every quarter of the globe, and where it is seen, slavery becomes impossible, and tyranny a thing of the past. To be an Englishman is to be the noblest creature on the earth. One Englishman is worth twenty specimens of other nationalities; he is more conscientious, more clever, more beautiful than any other living man, and it is a good thing for the world that he exists. (*Looking at watch.*) And now, as we have rather exceeded our usual time for study, we will depart after the customary ceremony.

[*The* Pupils *then sing the National Anthem, and the School dismisses itself with three cheers for* HER MAJESTY. *Curtain.*

"ON NE 'PATINE' PAS AVEC L'AMOUR."

(*With Apologies to the Shade of Alfred de Musset.*)

BUTTERS BUTTERED.

SIR,—I have been deeply thrilled by the suggestion for curing the Agricultural depression which Messrs. MACDOUGALL, of Mark Lane, have made. I am not myself an Agriculturist; still, in—or rather near—the suburban villa in which I reside, I have an old cow, and a donkey on which my children ride. Directly I heard that the way to keep animals warm and comfortable in Winter was to smear them all over with oil, thus saving much of the cost of feeding them, I tried the plan on the aged cow. Perhaps the oil I used was not sufficiently pure. At all events the animal, which had never been known before to do more than proceed at a leisurely walk, rushed at frantic speed into the garden, and tossed my wife's mother into a cucumber-frame. She has now gone home. Undeterred by the comparative failure of this attempt, I smeared our donkey with a pint of the best castor-oil, just before setting out on its daily amble, with the children (in panniers) on its back. It did not appear to relish the treatment, as it instantly broke loose, and was found, five miles off, in a village pound, while the children were landed in a neighbouring ditch. I am writing to Messrs. MACDOUGALL, to ask for particulars of how the oil is to be applied. I am sure it is an excellent idea, if the animals could be brought to see it in the same light.

Yours, experimentally,
DARWIN EDISON GUBBINS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—SMITH Minor, who is staying at our house for part of the holidays, said what good fun it would be to try the MACDOUGALL plan on my Uncle from India. He is always cold and shivering. We waited till he was having a nap after dinner in the arm-chair, and we coated him over with butter that SMITH Minor got from Cook. (Cook never will give *me* butter.) When we got to his hair he unfortunately woke up, so that is probably why the plan did not succeed. We thought he would be pleased to feel warmer, but he wasn't. Uncles are often ungrateful, SMITH Minor says. And it *did* succeed in one way, because he seemed awfully hot and red in the face when he found what we had been doing. Perhaps we ought not to have tried smearing him on his clothes, but how could we get his clothes off without waking him? SMITH Minor says it's a pity we didn't drug him. N.B.—I have been stopped going to the Pantomime for this, and SMITH Minor is to be sent home!

Your dejected TOMMY.

SIR,—I want to bring an action against Messrs. MACDOUGALL, of Mark Lane. I tried their smearing plan on a horse in my stable that had a huge appetite, and was always getting cold if left out in the wet. I used paraffin, and at first the animal seemed really grateful. In the night I was called up by a fearful noise, and found that the horse's appetite had not got at all less owing to the oil; on the contrary, it seemed to have eaten up most of the woodwork of the stable, and was plunging about madly. The paraffin caught light, and the stable was burned, and the horse too. In future I shall feed my horse in the usual way, not on the outside.

Yours, TITUS OATS.

THE THIN BROWN LINE.

[" Decidedly the most gratifying feature in the accounts of these engagements which have reached us, is the proof which they contain of the remarkable progress in all soldierly qualities made by the fellaheen forces, under the guidance and instruction of their British Officers."—*The Times.*]

Tommy Atkins, loquitur:—

"WE 'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
And some of 'em was brave, an' some was not;"
(So Mister KIPLING says. His 'ealth, boys, please!
'E doesn't give us TOMMIES Tommy-rot.)
We didn't think you over-full of pluck,
When you scuttled from our baynicks like wild 'orses;
But you're mendin', an' 'ere's wishing of you luck!
Wich you're proving an addition to our forces.
So 'ere's *to* you, though 'tis true that at El Teb you cut and ran;
You're improvin' from a scuttler to a first-class fighting man;
You can 'old your own at present when the bullets hiss and buzz,
And in time you may be equal to a round with Fuzzy-Wuz!

You 've been lammed and licked sheer out of go an' grit,
From the times of Pharaoh down to the Khe-*dive*;
Till you 'ardly feel yerself one bloomin' bit,
And I almost wonder you are left alive.
But we 've got you out of a good deal of *that*,

Sir EVELYN and the rest of us. You *foller*;
And you 'll fight yer weight in (Soudanese) wild cat [oller.
One day, nor let the Fuzzies knock you
Then 'ere 's *to* you, my fine Fellah, and the missis and the kid!
When you stand a Dervish devil-rush, and do as you are bid, [Coptic sort;
You 'll just make a TOMMY ATKINS of a quiet
And I shouldn't wonder then, mate, if the Fuzzies see some sport.

Some would like us lads to clear out! Wot say *you?* [their fakes;
We don't tumble to the Parties and
But I guess we don't mean scuttle. If we *do*, [mistakes;
We shall make the bloomingest o' black
With the 'owling Dervishes you 've stood a brush, [spear;
With a baynick you can cross a shovel-
But leave yer to the French, and Fuzzy 's rush? [year.
That won't be a 'ealthy game for many a
So 'ere 's *to* you, my fine Fellah! May you out and run no more,
Though the 'acking, owling, 'ayrick-'eaded niggers rush and roar,
We back you, 'elp you, train you, and to make the bargain fair,
We won't leave you—yet—to FUZ-WUZ—him as broke a British Square.

You ain't no "thin red" 'eroes, no, not yet, [brown line."
But a patient, docile, plucky, "thin
May be useful in its way, my boy, you bet!
All good fighters may shake fists, you know—'ere 's mine!
You 're a daisy, you 're a dasher, you 're a dab! [spree
I'll fight with you, or join you on a
Let the skulkers and the scuttlers stow their gab, [three times three!
TOMMY ATKINS drinks your 'ealth with
So 'ere 's *to* you, my fine Fellah! 'E who funked the 'ot Soudan,
And the furious Fuzzy-Wuzzies, grows a first-class fighting-man;
An' 'ere 's *to* you, my fine Fellah, coffee 'ide and inky hair
May yet shoulder stand to shoulder with me in a British Square!

REFLECTION BY A READER OF "REMINISCENCES."

YES, life *is* hard. Our fellows judge us coldly; [fetters;
We mostly dwell in fog, and dance in
But sweeter far to face oblivion boldly,
Than front posterity through a *Life and Letters*.
That Memory 's the Mother of the Muses,
We 're told. Alas! it must have been the
Mnemosyne her privilege abuses,— [Furies!
Nothing from her distorting glass secure is.
Life is a Sphinx; folk cannot solve her riddles,
So they 've recourse to spiteful taradiddles,
Which they dub "Reminiscences." Kind fate,
From the fool's Memory preserve the Great!

* * * * *

"HOW LONDON THEATRES ARE WARMED."—By having first-rate pieces. This prevents any chance of a "frost."

* * * * *

SONG FOR THE LIBERATOR SOCIETY, AND OTHERS.—"Oh, where, and oh where, is our J. S. B-LF-R gone?"

* * * * *

WHEN the *P. M. Gazette* by a Tory was book'd, [Cooke'd.
The Editor "Cust," and its readers were

"SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID—"

"AND WHOM DID YOU TAKE INTO SUPPER, MIKE?" "MAUD WILLOUGHBY."
"YOU LUCKY BOY! WHY, SHE 'S A DARLING!"
"YES—BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER FELLOW ON HER OTHER SIDE!"

ON AN OLD QUARTETTE.

[*Pantaloon, Clown, Harlequin, and Columbine* are the characters of an old sixteenth-century drama, acted in dumb-show. "*Pantaloone*" is a Venetian type; *Columbine* means a "little dove."]

WHILE Fairyland and Fairy tales
'Neath flaunting pageants fall,
And over Pantomime prevails
The Muse of Music Hall,
Still echoes, wafted through the din,
A lilt of one old tune—
Of Columbine and Harlequin,
Of Clown and Pantaloon.

Their faded frolics, tarnished show
Are shadows faint and rude
Of mimes who centuries ago
Joked, caramboled and wooed,
Of masques Venetian, Florentine,
Of moyen-age renown—
Of Harlequin and Columbine,
Of Pantaloon and Clown.

Not horseplay rough, the Saraband
They danced in vanished years,
But Love and Satire hand-in-hand,
And laughter linked with tears,
And Youth equipped his dove to win,
And Age, who grudged the boon;—
Sweet Columbine, bold Harlequin,
Cross Clown and Pantaloon.

Our Children-Critics now who deign
To greet this honoured jest,
Acclaiming, "Here we are again!"
With patronising zest,
They mark no soft Italian moon
Which once was wont to shine
On Harlequin and Pantaloon,
And Clown and Columbine!

But, spangled pair of lovers true,
And, whitened schemers twain,
The scholar hears in each of you
A note of that quatrain;
The dim Renaissance seems to spin
Around your satin shoon,
Fair Columbine, feat Harlequin,
Sly Clown and Pantaloon!

* * * * *

EVERYONE sincerely hopes that Sir WEST RIDGWAY will make a good bag during his visit to the Moors. "Ridgway's Food" is something that can be swallowed easily, and is so palatable as to be quite a More-ish sort of dish. Good luck to the experienced and widely-travelled Sir EAST-AND-WEST RIDGWAY. Our English ROSEBERY couldn't have made a better choice.

* * * * *

TO A BREWER (*by Our Christmas Clown*).—"Wish you a Hoppy New Year!"

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

VI.—THE MAN WHO WOULD BE A SOUL.

LINCOLN B. SWEZEY was a high-toned and inquiring American citizen, who came over to study our Institootions. He carried letters to almost everybody; Dukes, Radicals, Authors, eminent British Prize-fighters, Music-hall buffoons, and he prosecuted his examination steadily. He did not say much, and he never was seen to laugh, but he kept a note-book, and he seemed to contemplate in his own mind, The Ideal American, and to try to live up to that standard. When he did speak, it was in the interrogative, and he pastured his intellect on our high-class Magazines.

LINCOLN B. discovered many things, and noted them down for his work on *Social Dry Rot in Europe*, but one matter puzzled him. He read in papers or reviews, and he vaguely heard talk of a secret moral institution, the Society of Souls. They were going to run a newspaper; they were *not* going to run a newspaper. There was a poem in connection with them, which mystified LINCOLN B. SWEZEY not a little; he "allowed it was darned personal," but further than that his light did not penetrate. He went to a little Club, of which he was a temporary member; it was not fashionable, and did not seem to want to be, and SWEZEY thought it flippant. There he asked, "What *are* the Souls, anyhow?" "*Societas omnium animarum*," somebody answered, and SWEZEY exclaimed "Say!" "They are a congregation of ladies. Their statutes decree that they are to be *bene nate*, *bene vestite*, and *mediocriter*,—I don't remember what."

SWEZEY perceived that he was being trifled with, and turned the conversation to the superior culture and scholarship of American politicians, with some thoughts on canvas-backed ducks.

He next applied to a lady, whom he regarded as at once fashionable and well-informed, and asked her, "Who the Souls were, anyhow?"

"Oh, a horrid, stuck-up set of people," said this Pythoness. "They have passwords, and wear a silver gridiron."

"Why on earth do they do that?" asked SWEZEY.

"No doubt for some improper, or blasphemous reason. Don't be a Soul—you had better be a Skate. I am a Skate. We wear a silver skate, don't you see" (and she showed him a model of an Acme Skate in silver), "with the motto, *Celer et Audax*—'Fast and Forward.'"

SWEZEY expressed his pride at being admitted to these mysteries—but still pursued his inquiries.

"What do the Souls *do*?"

"All sorts of horrid things. They have a rule that no Soul is ever to speak to anybody who is not a Soul, in society, you know. And they have a rule that no Soul is ever to marry a Soul."

"Exogamy!" said SWEZEY, and began to puzzle out the probable results and causes of this curious prohibition.

"I don't know what you mean," said the lady, "and I don't know why you are so curious about them. They all read the same books at the same time, and they sacrifice wild asses at the altar of the Hyperborean Apollo, IBSEN, you know."

These particulars were calculated to excite SWEZEY in the highest degree. He wrote a letter on the subject to the *Chanticleer*, a newspaper in Troy, Ill., of which he was a correspondent, and it was copied, with zinco-type illustrations, into all the journals of the habitable globe, and came back to England like the fabled boomerang. Meanwhile SWEZEY was cruising about, in town and country, looking out for persons wearing silver gridirons. He never found any, and the more he inquired, the more puzzled he became. He was informed that a treatise on the subject existed, but neither at the British Museum, nor at any of the newspaper offices, could he obtain an example of this rare work, which people asserted that they had seen and read.

Finally SWEZEY made the acquaintance of a lady who was rumoured darkly to be learned in the matter. To her he poured forth expressions of his consuming desire to be initiated, and to sacrifice at the shrine.

"There is not any shrine," said his acquaintance.

"Well, I guess I want bad to be a Soul—an honorary one, of course—a temporary member."

"There are conditions," said the Priestess.

"If there 's a subscription"——SWEZEY began.

"There is not any subscription."

"If there 's an oath"——

"There is not any oath."

"Well, what are the conditions, anyhow?"

"Are you extremely beautiful?"

Among the faults of SWEZEY, personal vanity was not reckoned. He shook his head sadly, at the same time intimating that he guessed no one would turn round in Broadway to look at the prettiest Englishwoman alive.

Afterwards, he reflected that this was hardly the right thing to have said.

"Are you extremely diverting?"

SWEZEY admitted that gaiety was not his forte. Still, he pined for information.

"What does the Society *do*?" he asked.

"There is not any Society."

"Then why do they call themselves Souls?"

"But they don't call themselves anything whatever."

"Then why are they called Souls?"

"Because they——but no! That is the Mystery which cannot be divulged to the profane."

"Then what in the universe is it all about?" asked SWEZEY; but this was a problem to which no answer was vouchsafed.

SWEZEY is still going around, and still asking questions. But he has moments of despondency, in which he is inclined to allow that the poor islanders possess, after all, something akin to that boasted inheritance of his native land, the Great American Joke. "Guess they 've played it on me," is the burden of his most secret meditations.

"Then what in the universe is it all about?"

THE INFANT'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

(*Revised to date by Mr. Punch.*)

Question. What is an Infant?

Answer. A guileless child who has not yet reached twenty-one years of age.

Q. What is a year?

A. An unknown quantity to a lady after forty. And this reply is distinctly smart.

Q. What is "smartness"?

A. The art of appearing to belong to a good set.

Q. What is a good set?—*A.* A clique that prefers modes to morality, *chic* to comfort, and frivolity to family ties.

Q. What is *chic*?—*A.* An indefinable something, implying "go," "fast and loose style," "slap-dash."

Q. What is a dinner-party?

A. A large subject, that cannot be disposed of in a paragraph.

Q. What is a subject?—*A.* Something distinct from Royalty.

Q. Can one be distinct after dinner?—*A.* Yes,—with difficulty.

Q. What is a difficulty?

A. When of a pecuniary character—the time following the using up of the pecuniary resources of your friends.

Q. What is a friend?

A. A man who dines with you—a past enemy or a future foe.

Q. What is bad champagne?—*A.* A fruity effervescing beverage costing about thirty shillings the dozen.

Q. What is good?—*A.* Cannot reply until I have received samples.

Q. How can an inexperienced diner discover that he has taken bad champagne?

A. By the condition of his head on the following morning.

Q. What is a head?—*A.* A necessary alternative to money.

Q. What is money?

A. The only satisfactory representative of credit.

Q. What are representatives?

A. The mouthpieces of voters mustered in the House of Commons.

Q. What is mustard?

A. The chief ingredient of breakfast, after a night of it with your friends, when your appetite requires coaxing.

Q. What is the future?—*A.* To-morrow, and the coming centuries.

Q. And the past?—*A.* Two minutes ago, and all that went before.

Q. And the present?—*A.* The right time for bringing the current instalment of the Infant's Guide to a prompt conclusion.

"ENCORE, ALADDIN!"

ALADDIN at the Alhambra is a genuine "Ballet Extravaganza," the story being told in pantomimic action, illustrated by M. JACOBI's sympathetic music. *Aladdin* was an excellent subject for Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD to take, though I venture to think that our old friend *Blue Beard* would be a still better one. The only fault I find with *Aladdin* is that it is too soon over. It certainly will take rank among the most superb and the most dramatic spectacles ever placed on the Alhambra stage. *Aladdin* ought to have been made much more of, as a sort of *L'Enfant Prodigue*. What a chance there would have been for him in games with the street-boys! Mlle. LEGNANI—so called, of course, from the graceful facility with which she remains for several seconds at a time on one leg—is both a pretty and nimble representative of the Dancing Princess. The *Slave of the Ring* does not appear in this story, as far as I could gather, only the *Spirit of the Lamp*, Signorina POLLINI, puts in an appearance, and a very splendid appearance it is too! Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD is to be congratulated on having struck out a new line—though how he or the LORD CHAMBERLAIN could "*strike out a new line*" where there is no dialogue, will ever remain a mystery, even to M. JACOBI who knows most things well, and music better than anything. Mlle. MARIE is a sprightly *Aladdin*, her pantomimic action being remarkably good. How many *Aladdins* have I seen! Whatever may become of other fairy tales—though all the best fairy tales are immortal—this of *Aladdin* will serve the stage for ever. At least, so thinks

PRIVATE BOX.

Notes for the *Storey* of *Aladdin*, supplied by M. Jacobi.

Marie-Aladdin and the Electric Light Pollini.

CHEAP LAW IN THE CITY.

Probable Development of the new "London Chamber of Arbitration," for the economical Settlement of Disputes without recourse to Litigation.

BASQUERING IN A NEW LANGUAGE.—Much interest has been excited by the report that Mr. GLADSTONE, during his stay at Biarritz, used up his spare moments by studying the Basque tongue. AUTOLYCUS hears that, contrary to his usual habit, the Right Hon. Gentleman has in this matter an ulterior purpose. Occasionally, in the heat of debate in the House of Commons, Mr. ABRAHAM drops into his native tongue, and addresses the SPEAKER in Welsh. Mr. GLADSTONE, desiring to add a fresh interest to Parliamentary proceedings, will, in such circumstances, immediately follow the Hon. Member for the Rhondda Valley, and continue the debate in Basque.

* * * * *

EVIDENT, "WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT."—At what most patriotic moment of a most patriotic French exile must his feelings be most bitter?—When his love turns to Gaul.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

A Tale Continued in our Next.

How eagerly those tales I read
While still of tender years,
Of murder strange, of Haunted Grange,
And gory Buccaneers!
But, at the most exciting point,
Abruptly ceased the text,—
What rage was mine to meet the line,
"*Continued in our next*"!

Sometimes, indeed, misfortune sharp
The Journal would attend—
The funds would fail, and so the tale
Remain without an end.
Now, when I take a serial up,
I cry, in accents vexed,—
"I've read enough—why *is* the stuff
'*Continued in our next*'?"
Ah well, the things we valued once
Enliven us no more!
(Remarks like these, if morals please,
I've furnished by the score.)
And should these verses but result
In making you perplexed,
You'll learn with glee *they* will not be
"*Continued in our next*"!

* * * *

"OH, these Christmas Bills!" cried PATERFAMILIAS. "That's what I do," rejoined IMPEY QUNIOUS. "My sentiments and practice precisely—'Owe these Christmas Bills' —and many others."

BUILDING THE SNOW MAN.

BILLY and JOHNNIE were two little boys,
Who wearied of lessons, and tired of their toys.
Says BILLY, "I've hit on an excellent plan:
Let 's go out in the cold, JOHN, and build a Snow Man!"

Johnnie (*blowing his fingers*). Oh, I say, BILLY, isn't it cold, either?

Billy (*stamping*). *Is* it, JOHNNIE? I haven't noticed it myself.

Johnnie. Oh, you 're as hard as nails, *you* are. *My* fingers are quite numb.

Billy. Then work away briskly. *That'll* warm 'em! Snow 's a bit less binding than I expected to find it. Result of the severe frost, I suppose. But peg away, and we shall dodge it into shape yet, JOHNNIE.

Johnnie. Yo-o-o-s! (*Shivers*). But what—er—er—what pattern, or plan, or model, have we—that—is—er—have *you*—er—decided on, BILLY?

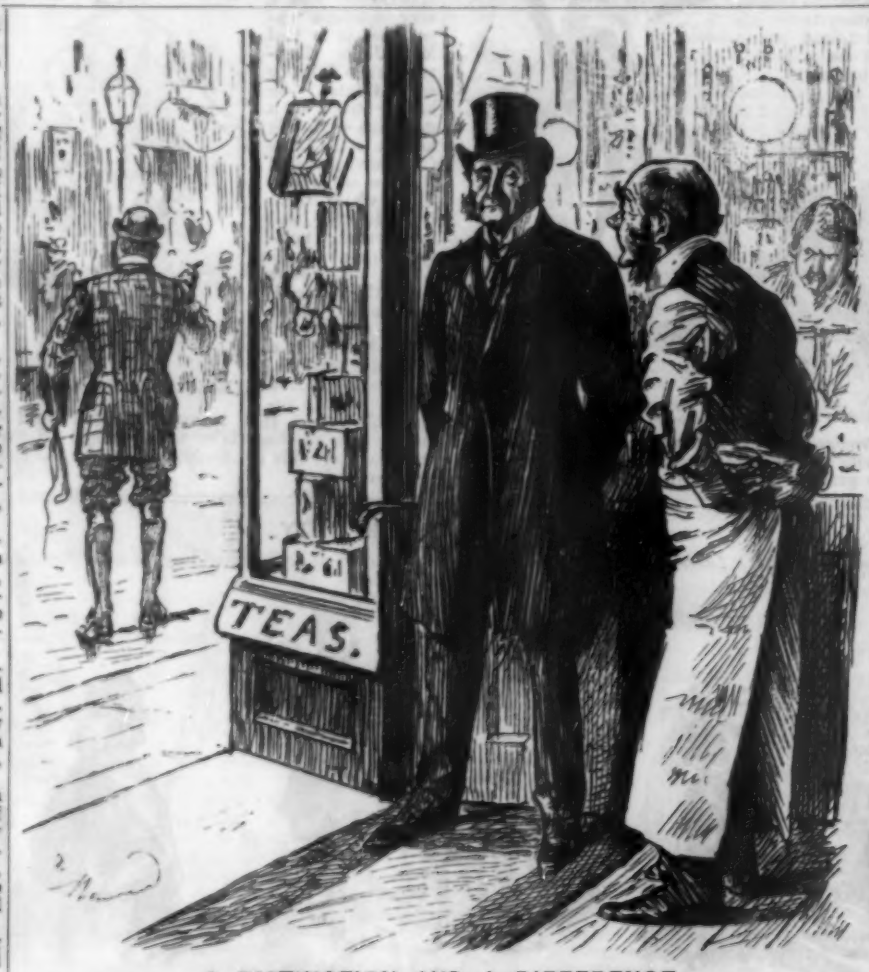
Billy (*winking*). Well, that 's as it happens, JOHNNIE! Remember the one we built in '86—eh?

Johnnie (*shuddering*). I should think I did. Don't mean to say we 're to go on *those* lines again, BILLY?

Billy. I mean to *say* nothing of the kind. Many things have happened since then, JOHNNIE. For one thing, we 've had heaps of advice.

Johnnie. Hang it, yes! And where are the advisers? Standing aloof and criticising our work—*in advance*. Where 's that bold, blusterous, bumptious Behemoth, BILL STEAD? Knew all about building Snow Men, *he* did; had a private monopoly of omniscience in that, as in most other things, BILL had. And now he 's licking creation into shape for sixpence a month, and shying stones at us whenever he sees a chance. Little cocksure LABBY, too! Oh, *he* 's a nice boy! If BILL takes all Knowledge for his province, HENRY considers himself sole proprietor of *Truth*, and he lets us *have* Truth—*his* Truth—every week at least—in hard chunks—that hurt horribly. All in pure friendliness, too, as the Bobby said when he knocked the boy down to save him from being run over. Gr-r-r-r! Believe he 's hiding behind the hedge there, with a pile of hard snowballs to pelt our Man out of shape as soon as we 've licked him into it—if ever we do. TEDDY REED, too, *he* 's turned nasty, though he *does* come from "gallant little Wales:" and now here 's WALLACE, the Scotch boy—though *he* was all right anyhow!—cutting up rough at the last moment, and complaining of our Snow Man (which they 've all been howling for for six years), because he fancies its head is likely to be a little too Hibernian for his Caledonian taste! Oh, they 're a nice loyal, grateful lot, BILLY! And where are the Irish bhoys themselves, in whose interests we are freezing our fingers and nipping our noses? Standing off-and-on, as it were, bickering like blazes among themselves, and only uniting to land *us* a nasty one now and then—just to encourage us!

Billy (*patting and punching away vigorously*). Loyal? Grateful? Ah, JOHNNIE, you don't understand 'em as well as I do. Cold has got on your liver. You 're a brave boy, JOHNNIE, but just a bit bilious. Building Snow Men isn't just like arranging bouquets, my boy. Let them bicker, JOHNNIE, and *listen to what they say!* It may all come in handy by-and-by. We 've had gratuitous advice and volunteer plans all round, from ARTY BALFOUR and JOEY CHAMBERLAIN, as well as HENRY, and TEDDY, and TIM and JOHN E., and the rest of 'em. Let them talk whilst we build, JOHNNIE. 'Tis a cold, uncomfortable job, I admit; and whether "friendly" advice or hostile ammunition will do us the most damage I hardly know—yet. Fierce foes are sometimes easier to deal with than friendly funkers. A "Thunderer" in open opposition affrights a true Titan less than a treacherous Thersites in one's own camp. But, JOHNNIE, we 've got to build up this Snow Man somehow, and on some plan! I only hope (*entre nous*, JOHNNIE) that a thaw won't set in, and melt it out of form and feature before it is fairly finished! [*Left hard at it.*



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Mr. Wilkins. "BEG PARDON, SIR POMPEY, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THAT YOUNG GEN'L'MAN IS YOU JUST TOOK OFF YER 'AT TO?"

Sir Pompey (*pompously*). "HE 'S NOT A GENTLEMAN AT ALL, WILKINS. HE 'S A NOBLE LORD—THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT SPREDICUTTS—A FRIEND OF MINE."

Mr. Wilkins. "INDEED, SIR POMPEY! BUT, I S'POSE *SOME* OF 'EM 'S GEN'L'MEN, SOMETIMES?"

* * * * * *

GREAT consternation at hearing of the arrest of "M. BLONDIN" in connection with the Panama scandals. Of course there can be only *one* BLONDIN, and some wiseacres at once applied the proverb about "Give him enough rope," &c. But BLONDIN never fell. It was quite another BLONDIN. The Hero of Niagara was not the Villain of the Panama piece—if villain he turn out to be. BLONDIN is still performing; always walking soberly, though elevated, on the rope that is quite tight. Maybe the rope gets tighter than ever at this jovial period, but BLONDIN, *the* BLONDIN, our BLONDIN's acts are in the sight of everybody, his proceedings are intelligible to all, though far above the heads of the people.

* * * * *

STILL, whatever financial accident may have happened to M. BLONDIN, he has always kept his balance—on the rope.

THE SNOW MAN.

TO CHLORINDA.

(With a Fan.)

ALL in your glory you to-night
Will dance, and me they don't invite
Your charms to scan;
And, as a seal might send its skin [win,
To please the girl it may not
I send a fan.

Behind this fan some other man
Your hand will hold; [bright
Your fearless eyes, so bright and brown,
Will hide their gladness, glancing down,
No longer cold.
And your pale, perfect cheek will take
That colour for another's sake,
I ne'er controll'd,—
Yet, ere you sleep, stray thoughts will creep
To days of old.

Of old! For in a single day,
When love first gilds a maiden's way,
The world grows new;
And from that new world you will send
Sweet pity to the absent friend
Who so loved you.

Loved — for my love will wither then;
I cannot share with other men
The dear delight
That dwells in your austerest tone,
That latent hope of joys unknown—
Though now you will not be my own,
Some day you might.

My trusted little friend of yore,
Of course you 'd think my love a bore,
It 's not romantic:
I've passed beyond the football stage,
And e'en despair is saved by age
From growing frantic.

No, like a veteran grim and grey,
With sling and crutch,
I am but fit to watch the fray
Where, in the world-old, witching way,
In other hands your fingers stay
With lingering touch,
That may mean nothing, or it may
Mean, oh! so much.

I 'll wed some woman, prim of face,
Who 'll duly fill the housewife's place,
And with her hard, domestic grace
Illusions scatter;
But sometimes when the stars are full,
While at my season'd pipe I pull,
I 'll see my little love once more,
With brilliant lovers by the score,
Whose tributes flatter.
And, thinking of the light gone by,
Murmur with philosophic sigh,
"It doesn't matter."

And then, perchance, this fan you 'll find,
When all the new romance is over.
Sweet, may you ne'er with troubled mind
Half wish you never had resigned,
Your truest lover.

* * * * *

LAST week, DR. ADLER gave, as appears by the extracts, an excellent Lecture on "Jewish Wit and Humour." He himself is well known as the *The Jew d' Esprit.*

* * * * *

TEMPORARY CHANGE OF NAME. — Will Poplar Hospital be styled, "Un-pop'lar Hospital?"

"THE VERY LATEST."

["A Cookery Autograph-book is the last idea. Each friend is supposed to write a practical recipe for a dainty dish above his or her signature." *The Graphic*]

No, MABEL, no:—though your behest
I always heed with rapt attention,
Most fervently I must protest
Against this horrible invention;
Your word has hitherto been law,
But this appears the final straw!

Obedient to imperious looks,
I've had to write, at your suggestion,
The answers in confession-books
To many an idiotic question;
I'll vow my favourite tint is blue
(The colour mostly worn by you);

I'll gladly draw a fancy sketch,
I'll make acrostics with elation,
I'll write you verses at a stretch,
Or give my views on vaccination;
But, even to fulfil your wishes,
I cannot manufacture dishes!

I know, in theory, how to make
The matutinal tea and coffee,
And, when at school, I used to bake
A gruesome mess described as toffee;
But these, which form my whole *cuisine*,
Are scarce the kind of thing you mean.

Of course I 'd learn some more by heart,
If this could gain me your affection,
But fear the anguish on your part
Produced by faulty recollection;
On me, my MABEL, please to look
As lover only—not as Cook!

CRINOLINE.

RUMOUR whispers, so we glean
From the papers, there have been
Thoughts of bringing on the scene
This mad, monstrous, metal screen,
Hiding woman's graceful mien.
Better Jewish gabardine
Than, thus swelled out, satin's sheen!
Vilest garment ever seen!
Form unknown in things terrene;
Even monsters pliocene
Were not so ill-shaped, I ween.
Women wearing this machine,
Were they fat or were they lean—
Small as WORDSWORTH'S celandine,
Large as sail that 's called lateen—
Simply swept the pavement clean:
Hapless man was crushed between
Flat as any tinned sardine.
Thing to rouse a Bishop's spleen,
Make a Canon or a Dean
Speak in language not serene.
We must all be very green,

And our senses not too keen,
If we can't say what we mean,
Write in paper, magazine,
Send petitions to the QUEEN,
Get the House to intervene.
Paris fashion 's transmarine—
Let us stop by quarantine
Catastrophic Crinoline!

* * * * *

"MORE butter is coming from Victoria," says the *P. M. G.*, "to the Mother Country." Our Colonies are not given to supplying us with this article of food to any great extent. It is generally the Mother Country that has buttered the Colonies.

* * * * *

On Three Poets.

(By the Fourth Party.)

SWINBURNE, AUSTIN, MORRIS,
Bardic busybodies,
Threnodies they wrote:—
They were the Three Noddies!

* * * * *

MRS. R. says that, in this cold weather, whenever she wants to know if there is to be a change, she consults her *thaw*mometer.

* * * *

THE amusing article, "A Man's Thoughts on Marriage," ought not to have appeared in *The Gentleman*, but in the *United Service Magazine*. This is evident.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

BEFORE I proceed with the order of subjects which I have proposed to myself as the proper one to follow, I feel that I must revert for a moment to the question of "ladies at lunch." You may remember that some two or three weeks ago I ventured to offer some observations on this topic. Dear ladies, you can read for yourselves the winged words in which your adoring *Punch* settled the matter. "By all means," I said, "come to lunch, if you must." What can be plainer or more direct? Bless your pretty, pouting faces, I am not responsible for the characters of my fellow-men, nor for the harsh language they use. If they behave like boors, and show an incomprehensible distaste for your delightful presence, am I, your constant friend, to be blamed? I cannot alter the nature of these barbarians. But what has happened since I published an article which had, at any rate, the merit of truthful portraiture? Why, I have been overwhelmed with epistolary reproaches in every variety of feminine hand-writing. "A CAREFUL MOTHER" writes from Dorset—a locality hitherto associated in my mind with butter rather than with blame—to protest that she has been so horrified by my cynical tone, that she does not intend to take me in any longer. She adds, that "*Punch* has laid upon my drawing-room table for more than thirty years." Heavens, that I should have been so deeply, so ungrammatically, honoured without knowing it! Am I no longer to recline amid photograph albums, gift-books, and flower-vases, upon that sacred table? And are you, Madam, to spite a face which has always, I am certain, beamed upon me with a kindly consideration, by depriving it wantonly of its adorning and necessary nose. Heaven forbid! Withdraw for both our sakes that rash decision, while there is yet time, and restore me to my wonted place in your affections, and your drawing-room.

But all are not like this. Here, for instance, is a sensible and temperate commentary, which it gives me pleasure to quote word for word as it was written:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I want to tell you that, although I am what one of your friends called "a solid woman," and ought to feel *deeply* hurt by what you said about ladies at lunch, yet I liked that article the best. I think it was *awfully* good. But don't you think you are all rather hard on ladies at shooting-boxes? My idea is that there ought to be some new rules about shooting-parties. At present, ladies are asked to amuse the men—at least that is my experience—and it is rather hard they may not sometimes go on the moors, if they want to. But, at the same time, I *quite* understand that they are horribly in the way, and I am not surprised that the men don't want women about them when they are shooting. But couldn't they arrange to have a day now and then, when they could shoot all the morning, and devote themselves to amusing the women on the moors after lunch? Otherwise, I think there ought to be a rule that no women are to be invited to shooting-boxes. It is generally very dull for the women, and I feel sure the men would be quite as happy without them. I suppose the host might want his wife to be there, to look after things; but *she ought to strike*, and ask her lady-friends to do the same; and then they could go abroad, or to some jolly place, and enjoy themselves in their own way. Really we often get quite angry—at least I do—when men treat us as if we were so many dolls, and patronise us in their heavy way, and expect us to believe that the world was made entirely for them and their shooting-parties. There must be more give and take. And, if *we* are to give you our sympathy and attention, *you* must take our companionship a little oftener. We get so dull when we are all together.

Your sincere admirer, A LADY LUNCHER.

I confess this simple letter touched an answering chord in my heart. I scarcely knew how to answer it. At last a brilliant thought struck me. I would show it to my tame Hussar-Captain, SHADRACK. That gallant son of Mars is not only a good sportsman, but he has, in common with many of his brother officers, the reputation of being a dashing, but discriminating worshipper at the shrine of beauty. At military and hunt balls the Captain is a stalwart performer, a despiser of mere programme engagements, and an invincible cutter-out of timid youths who venture to put forward their claims to a dance that the Captain has mentally reserved for himself. The mystery is how he has escaped scathless into what his friends now consider to be assured bachelor-hood. Most of his contemporaries, roystering, healthy, and seemingly flinty-hearted fellows, all of them, have long since gone down, one after another, before some soft and smiling little being, and are now trying to fit their incomes to the keep of perambulators, as well as of dog-carts. But SHADRACK has escaped. I found him at his Club, and showed him the letter, requesting him at the same time to tell me what he thought of it. I think he was flattered by my appeal, for he insisted on my immediate acceptance of a cigar six inches long, and proposed to me a tempting list of varied drinks. The Captain read the letter through twice carefully, and thus took up his parable:—

"Look here, my son, don't you be put off by what the little woman says. She don't mean half of it. Get the hostess to strike!"—here he laughed loudly—"now that's a real good 'un. Why, they haven't got it in them. Fact is, they can't stand one another's company. She says as much, don't she? 'We get so dull when we are all together.' Well, that scarcely looks like goin' off on the strike together, does it? Don't you be alarmed, old quill-driver, they 'll never run a strike of that kind for more than a day. They 'll all come troopin' back, beggin' to be forgiven, and all that, and, by gum, we shall have to take 'em back too, just as we 're all congratulatin' ourselves that we shan't have to go to any more blessed pic-nics. That's a woman's idea of enjoyin' herself in the country—nothin' but one round of pic-nics. I give you my word, when I was stayin' with old FRED DERRIMAN, in Perthshire, they reg'larly mapped out the whole place for pic-nics, and I 'm dashed if they didn't spoil our best day's drivin' by pic-nickin' in, 'oh, such a sweet

TOO AFFECTIONATE BY HALF.

Auntie. "OH, YOU NAUGHTY BOY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SMOKING! WHY YOU 'LL NEVER GROW!"

Artful Nephew. "THAT 'S JUST IT, AUNTIE. I DON'T WANT TO GROW. I WANT TO KEEP THE SAME SIZE ALWAYS, SO THAT I CAN SIT ON YOUR LAP, AN' LOVE YOU!"

MR. PUNCH'S SKATING PARTY.

place.' Truth is, they can't get along without us, my son, only they won't admit it, bless 'em! And, after all, we 're better off when they 're in the house, I 'm bound to confess; so I don't mind lettin' 'em have a pic-nic or two, just to keep 'em sweet. Them 's my sentiments, old cock, and you 're welcome to them."

I thanked the Captain for his courtesy, and withdrew. But if the whole thing is merely a matter of pic-nics, it is far simpler than I imagined.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"HAVE you read," asks one of the Baron's Assistants of his Chief, "Miss BRADDON's Christmas Annual? It is entitled, *The Mistletoe Bough*, and contains some of the best short stories I have read lately. One of them, 'In Mr. CARTWRIGHT's Library,' is a remarkable combination of quaint, dry humour, and literary skill. Who is the clever author? But here are other stories, too, that interest and please, and, not least among them, a charming sketch, by the ever welcome editress. Bravo, Miss BRADDON!

"*Brownies and Rose-leaves*, by ROMA WHITE (INNES & Co.), is a pretty little book, prettily written, prettily illustrated by LESLIE BROOKE, and prettily bound," he continues. "Miss WHITE has a charming knack of writing musical verse, simple, rhythmical, delightful. To children and their parents, I say, take my tip (the only one parents will get at this season), and read ROMA WHITE's dainty, delicate, fresh and breezy book."

ROBIN POOR FELLOW!

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, by Mr. CARTON, is not a brilliant play, as its dialogue lacks epigrammatic sparkle; neither is it an interesting play, as the plot, such as it is, is too weak for words,—which, by the way, at once accounts for the absence of the sparkle above-mentioned.

Three questions must have occurred to those who have already seen the play, and which those who may hereafter see it will be sure to ask themselves,—and they are these:—

First. Why should *Grace's* father, *Valentine Barbrook*, tell her

Nearly burning his fingers. Mr. Hare acting with Grace.

of the means by which he had brought about the betrothal of *Hugh Rokeby* to *Constance*?

Secondly. This being so, why allow six weeks to elapse when a word from the one girl, who knows, to the other, who doesn't, would explain everything?

Thirdly. If a sudden shock would kill the grandmother, surely, in the course of six weeks, *Grace* would have found out that her shortest and best way was to tell the truth to her cousin, without mentioning it to the old lady.

If in doubt, why didn't she confide in the Doctor, who would at once have told her whether the nature of the communication she had to make was of a sufficiently startling nature to kill the old lady right off or not?

The fact is, it was necessary to keep the lover, *Mr. Stanley Trevenen*, away for some time, in order to allow of there being a glimmer of probability in the announcement of his having thrown over the girl to whom he is devotedly attached, and having married somebody else whom he met abroad. "Now," says the dramatist, "what is the shortest possible space of time I can allow for this? Ahem!—say a month." So he gives him a month. "Then," says he, next, "what is the shortest possible time we can allow for an engagement and a marriage? Say six weeks. Good. Six weeks be it. Only, hang it, this muddle has to last for six weeks! Well, it can't be helped. I can't give any more trouble to the bothering plot; and, as after all, there 's a capital character for Mr. HARE, and not at all a bad one for Miss ROBKE, with a fairish one for FORBES ROBERTSON, why, if Mr. HARE will accept the play, and do it, I should say that, cast and played as it will be, it is pretty sure to be a success."

So much for the Author and the Play. As to the Actors, Mr. HARE has had many a better part, and this is but an inferior species of a genus with which the public has long been familiar; but there is no one who can touch him in a part of this description. Admirable! most admirable! *Barbrook* is in reality a silly elderly scamp, with all the will to be a villain, but not endowed with the brains requisite for that line of life. Thus, the Author, unconsciously, has created him. But Mr. HARE invests this feather-headed scoundrel with Iago-ish and Mephistophelian characteristics, that go very near to make the audience believe that, after all, there *is* something in the part, and also in the plot. But the part is only a snow-man, and melts away under the sunlight of criticism. Miss KATE ROBKE is charming. It is a monotonous and wearisome part, and the merit of it is her own. Miss NORREYS is very good, but the girl is insipid. Miss COMPTON, as the good-hearted, knowing, fast lady, wins us, as she proves herself to be the real *Robin Goodfellow*, the real good fairy of the piece. *Robin Goodfellow* is a misnomer, unless the aforesaid *Robin* be dissociated from *Puck*; but it is altogether a bad title as applied to this piece for, as with Mr. CARTON's piece at the St. James's, *Liberty Hall*, it is a title absolutely thrown away. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON is as good as the part permits, and it is the Author's fault that he is not better. Mr. GILBERT HARE gives a neat bit of character as the Doctor, and Mr. DONALD ROBERTSON may by now have made something of the rather foolish Clergyman (whether Rector, Vicar, or Curate I could not make out), whose stupid laugh began by making a distinct hit, and, on frequent repetition, became a decided bore. It is played in one Scene and three Acts, and no doubt in the course of a fortnight certain repetitions and needless lines will have been excised, and the piece will play closer, and may be an attraction, but not a great one, for some time to come. At all events, the part of *Valentine Barbrook* will add another highly-finished picture to Mr. HARE's gallery of eccentric comedy-character. I think of him with delight, and exclaim once more—Admirable!

PRIVATE BOX.

The Happy Pair.

* * * * * *

AT Drury Lane the Baddeley Cake Meeting was a Goodly sight.

☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

"O. O. M."
Choice Old Malt.
The finest type of DUBLIN WHISKY obtainable.
Over 50 years' established reputation.
Cases of 1 doz. bottles free to all Railway Stations on receipt of s/o.
ANDREWS & CO.,
DAME ST., DUBLIN,
Sole Proprietors of the O. O. M. Brand.
London Office—12, John Street, Adelphi.

THE
"G. B."
DIABETES WHISKY
Contains no Sugar. Is not stored in Sherry Casks.
For DIABETES, GOUT, & KIDNEY COMPLAINTS.
"Certainly seems to deserve its name."—Lancet.
48s. per Doz.
CARRIAGE PAID.
GEO. BACK & CO.,
Devonshire Square, London.

CARLTON
HIGHLAND MALT
WHISKEY.
ELEVEN YEARS OLD.
GOLD MEDAL, CALCUTTA EXHIBITION 1883.
20s. the Gall.; 80s. the Doz.
Carriage Paid. Cash Only.
A single bottle, as a sample, will be sent post free to any address on receipt of P.O. for 1s. 6d.
RICHD. MATHEWS & CO.,
24 and 25, Hart St., Bloomsbury, W.C.
Sold by all Leading Merchants throughout India and the Colonies.

Old Bushmill's PURE MALT Whiskey
GAINED THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL FOR WHISKEY
PARIS UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION, 1889.
AGAINST ALL COMPETITORS.
DISTILLERY, BUSHMILLS, CO. ANTRIM.
Offices, Hill Street, Belfast.
London Office & Depôt, 3 to 6, Diamond St., E.C.

COLT'S NEW UNITED STATES ARMY & NAVY REVOLVER
for House Protection, Travellers, and Military Purposes, takes Eley's 38 cal. Express and all other 38 cal. Pistol Cartridges.
COLT'S LIGHTNING MAGAZINE RIFLES.
For Large and Small Game, Rook Shooting, and Target Practice, are unsurpassed for accuracy and unequalled for rapidity of fire.
COLT'S REVOLVERS
are used all over the World. Price List free.
COLT'S FIREARMS CO.
14, Clanbrose St., Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN
FEVERS MEASLES SMALL POX &c
A LUXURY FOR THE BATH INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY
TABLETS 6d.
RECOMMENDED BY MEDICAL MEN

Gold Medals, Paris, 1878: 1889.
JOSEPH GILLOTT'S PENS
Of Highest Quality, and Having Greatest Durability, are Therefore CHEAPEST.

"EXCELLENT—of Great Value."—Lancet, June 15, 1889.
PEPTONIZED (PATENT) COCOA AND MILK.
Most Delicious, Nutritious, and requiring no digestive effort.
Tins, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON.

H. CLAUSEN & SONS'
CHAMPAGNE LAGER BEER.
Brewed and bottled in New York.
TO BE OBTAINED AT THE PRINCIPAL HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.
Agent, H. A. BRUNETTI,
95, SEETHING LANE, E.C.

PACKHAM'S TABLE WATERS
ARE MADE WITH DISTILLED WATER.
Manufactory, Croydon.

OTARD'S
FAMOUS V.S.O.P. BRANDY.
10s. per Doz. Cash.
(BOTTLED IN COGNAC, AND VERY CHOICE.)
SUPPLIED BY
ARNOLD, PERRETT, & CO., LD.,
FAMILY WINE MERCHANTS,
7a, LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, LONDON, S.W.,
AND BRANCHES.

RARE OLD Whiskies
7, 8, and 10 Years Old.
30s., 36s., and 42s. per Dozen.
Carriage Paid—For Cash with Order only.
UNAPPROACHABLE VALUE.
Forbes, Maxwell, & Co., Ltd.,
ABERDEEN, N.B.

NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER
For over a quarter of a century it has never failed to rapidly restore Grey or Faded Hair.
It arrests Falling, causes Luxuriant Growth, is permanent, and harmless.
In cases 10s. 6d.; of Hairdressers and Chemists. Circulars can be had.
Wholesale, R. Hovenden & Sons, Berners St., W., and City Road, E.C., London.

SAVAR'S CUBEB CIGARETTES.
Cubebs, Stramonium, and Cannab. Ind. Always relieve, and frequently cure Asthma, Throat Cough, Bronchitis, Influenza. One Cigarette insures a good night's rest. Box of 12, 1s.; 26, 2s. 6d. Full directions. All Chemists.
Savarese's Sandal Wood Oil Capsules, 4s. 6d. per Box.

PEPSALIA.
THE DIGESTIVE TABLE SALT.
PEPSALIA, eaten with the food, quickly promotes digestion, and averts indigestion. Safe, pleasant, reliable. Thousands have been benefited. Bottles 1s., 2s., 5s., from all Chemists and Grocers, or
STERN, 62, Gray's Inn Road, London.

GREY HAIR RESTORED.
Dr. ARNOLD'S ORGANIC HAIR RENEWER will positively cause GREY or FADED HAIR to assume its ORIGINAL COLOUR after a few applications. Invaluable for Beard and Moustache. A Perfectly Harmless Preparation. Guaranteed devoid of Lead, Sulphur, and Mercury. A Boon to Ladies, as it is free from grease or any sticky substance. Write for a Sample Bottle, which will be sent securely packed, post free, 1s. 9d., 2s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. Sole London Agent,
A. B. BILLER, 26, Berners St., Oxford St., W.

ROPER FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY
CHAMPAGNE.

SMOKE
HIGNETT'S
GOLDEN BUTTERFLY
LUXURIOUS FINE CUT BRIGHT TOBACCO.

Table Schweppe's Waters
Continue to be supplied to Her Majesty the Queen.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS OF BOTH RED AND BROWN LABELS.

JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS'
PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOS.
Iron Consolidated Frames, Patent Check Actions, &c.
Are for Sale, Hire, and on the Three Years' System.
JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS,
Temporary Address, 100, New Bond Street, W.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
Sold throughout the World.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF
Liebig
See Signature (as above) in Blue Ink across the Label on each Jar of the Genuine Extract.

ALL FAT PEOPLE
should take the THILENE TABLETS (Regd.).
The only safe cure for Stoutness. Send 7d. to THILENE CO., 70, Finsbury Pavement, London.

JEWSBURY & BROWN'S
Oriental Tooth Paste.
Of all Perfumers and Chemists, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. Pots.
40 years in use in the Highest Circles.
JEWSBURY & BROWN.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES OVERCOME
and perfect hearing restored. Scientific, inexpensive and painless. Book of particulars, 7 stamps. The K. S. WARD Co., 22 & 23, New Bridge Street, London, E.C.

'K' BOOTS.

ASK YOUR Grocer & Wine Merchant FOR THE FAMOUS
"BOS" WHISKY
PEASE SON & CO. LEITH

For INFANTS, CHILDREN, & INVALIDS.
GOLD MEDAL International Health Exhibition.

BENGER'S FOOD

"Retained when all other Foods are rejected."—*London Medical Record.*

In Tins—1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 5s., and 10s., of all Chemists, &c.

Allen & Hanburys'
A Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/, 1/9 & 3/.

"It is taken both by children and adults without the slightest difficulty. . . . Possesses all the advantages claimed for it."—*Lancet.*

"Linen Lasts Longer"

Radiant in its whiteness! Delightful in its sweetness! And will keep much longer clean when soaked and washed in a foaming lather of HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP, or HUDSON'S DRY SOAP. Hudson's preserves the most delicate lawns, laces, muslins, and fine underwear from injury, and it will not fray cuffs or jag collars.

"Try a packet, you'll never lack it."

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Supplies a Daily Luxury. Dainties in Endless Variety. The Choicest Dishes and the Richest Custard.

NO EGGS REQUIRED.

C. Brandauer & Co's Circular-Pointed Pens.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Pears' Soap

12 MONTHS' LUXURY FOR 12 PENCE.

Pears' Shaving Stick lasts a year, and costs a Shilling.

"The name Cadbury on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity."

Medical Annual.

Cadbury's cocoa

"The typical Cocoa of English Manufacture, Absolutely Pure."

The Analyst.

Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 33, Lorraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Limited, Bowland Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, January 14, 1893.